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## SELECT TALES.

## Abellino, the Bravo of Venice.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
The midnight meeting.

'VICTORY!' shouted Parozzi as he rushed into the Cardinal Gonzaga's chamber, where the chief conspirators were all assembled; 'our work goes on bravely! Flodoardo returned this morning to Venice, and Abellino has already received the required sum.'

Gonzaga.—Flodoardo does not want talents; I had rather he should live and join our party. He is seldom off his guard—

Parozzi.—Such vagabonds may well be cautious; they must not forget themselves who have so much to conceal from others.

Falieri.—Rosabella, as I understand, by no means sees this Florentine with unfavorable eyes.

Parozzi.—Oh! wait till to-morrow, and then he may make love to the devil and his grandmother, if he likes it. Abellino by that time will have wrung his neck round, I warrant you!

Contarino.—It is strange, that in spite of all inquiries I can learn but little at Florence respecting this Flodoardo. My letters inform me that some time ago there *did* exist a family of that name; but it has been long extinct, or if any of its descendants are still in being at Florence, their existence is quite a secret.

Gonzaga.—You are all invited to the Doge's to-morrow?

Contarino.—That is well; it seems that my recommendations have obtained some weight with him, since his triumvirate has been removed—And in the evening a masked ball is to be given; did not the Doge's Chamberlain say so?

Falieri.—He did.

Memmo.—I only hope there is no trick in all this; if he should have been given an hint of our conspiracy—Mercy on us, my teeth chatter at the thought.

Gonzaga.—Absurd! by what means should our designs have been made known to him? The thing is impossible!

Memmo.—Impossible? What! when there's scarce a cut-purse, house-breaker, a vagabond in Venice who has not been enlisted in our service, would it be so strange if the Doge discovered a little of the business? A secret which is known to so many, how should it escape his penetration?

Contarino.—Simpleton? the same thing happens to him which happens to betrayed husbands: every one can see the horns except the man who carries them. And yet

I confess it is full time that we should realise our projects and prevent the possibility of our being betrayed.

Falieri.—You are right friend; every thing is ready, and now the sooner that the blow is struck the better.

Parozzi.—Nay, the discontented populace, which at present sides with us, would be perfectly well pleased if the sport began this very night; delay the business longer, and their anger against Andreas will cool, and render them unfit for our purposes.

Contarino.—Then let us decide the game at once; be to-morrow the important day! Leave the Doge to my disposal; I'll at least engage to bury my poignard in his heart, and then let the business end as it may, one of two things must happen; either we shall rescue ourselves from all trouble and vexation, by throwing every thing into uproar and confusion, or else we shall sail with a full wind from this cursed world to another.

Parozzi.—Mark me, friends; we must go armed to the Doge's entertainment.

Gonzaga.—~~And~~ of the College of Ten have been particularly invited.

Falieri.—Down with every man of them!

Memmo.—Aye, aye! fine talking! but suppose it should turn out to be 'down with ourselves'?

Falieri.—Thou white livered wretch! Stay at home then, and take care of your worthless existence—but if our attempt succeeds, come not to us to reimburse you for the sums which you have already advanced. Not a sequin shall be paid you back, depend on't.

Memmo.—You wrong me, Falieri; if you wish to prove my courage, draw your sword, and measure it against mine! I am as brave as yourself; but thank heaven, I am not quite so hot-headed.

Gonzaga.—Nay, even suppose that the event should not answer our expectations; Andreas once dead, let the populace storm if it pleases; the protection of his Holiness will sanction our proceedings.

Memmo.—The Pope? May we count on his protection?

Gonzaga.—(throwing him a letter)—Read there, unbeliever; the Pope, I tell you, must protect us, since one of our objects is professed to be the assertion of the rights of St. Peter's Chair in Venice. Prithee, Memmo, tease us no more with such doubts but let Contarino's proposal be adopted at once. Our confederates must be summoned to Parozzi's palace with all diligence, and there furnished with such weapons as are necessary. Let the stroke of midnight be the signal for Contarino's quitting the ball room, and hastening to seize the arsenal; Salvitia, who commands there, is in our interest, and will throw open the gates at the first summons.

Falieri.—The admiral Adorno, as soon as he hears the alarm-bell will immediately lead his people to our assistance.

Parozzi.—Oh! our success is certain!

Contarino.—Only let us take care to make the confusion as general as possible; our adversaries must be kept in the dark who are their friends and who are their foes; and all but our own party must be left ignorant as to the authors, origin, and object of the uproar.

Parozzi.—By heaven, I am delighted at finding the business at length so near the moment of execution!

Falieri.—Parozzi, have you distributed the white ribands by which we are to recognise our partizans?

Parozzi.—That was done some days ago.

Contarino.—Then there is no more necessary to be said on the subject. Comrades fill your goblets! We will not meet again together till our work has been completed.

Memmo.—And yet methinks it would not be unwise to consider the matter over again coolly.

Contarino.—Psha! Consideration and prudence have nothing to do with a rebellion: despair and rashness in this case are better counsellors. The work once begun, the constitution of Venice once boldly overturned, so that no one can tell who is master and who is subject, then consideration will be of service in instructing us how far it may be necessary for our interests to push the confusion. Come, friends! fill, fill, I say!—I cannot help laughing when I reflect, that by giving this entertainment to-morrow, the Doge himself kindly affords us an opportunity of executing our plans!

Parozzi.—As to Flodoardo, I look upon him as already in his grave; yet before we go to-morrow to the Doge's it will be as well to have a conference with Abellino.

Contarino.—That care we will leave to you, Parozzi, and in the mean while here's the health of Abellino!

All.—Abellino!

Gonzaga.—And success to our enterprize to-morrow.

Memmo.—I'll drink that toast with all my heart.

All.—Success to to-morrow's enterprize!

Parozzi.—The wine tastes well, and every face looks gay—Pass eight-and-forty hours—and shall we look as gaily?—We separate smiling; shall we smile when two nights hence we meet again?—No matter!





thus elapsed another hour, and still Flodoardo came not.

At that moment the evening sun broke through the clouds, and a ray of its setting glory was thrown full upon the countenance of Rosabella—She started from the sofa, extended her arms towards the radiant orb, and exclaimed while a smile of hope played round her lips—'God is merciful! God will have mercy too on me!'

*Contarino*.—Was it at five o'clock that Flodoardo engaged to produce Abellino? It is now a full hour beyond his time.

*The Senator Vitalba*.—Let him only produce him at last, and he may be a month beyond his time if he chooses.

*Andreas*.—Hark!—No!—Silence! silence! surely I hear footsteps approaching the saloon!

The words were scarcely spoken when the folding doors were thrown open, and Flodoardo rushed into the room, enveloped in his mantle. His hair streamed in the air in wild disorder; a deep shade was thrown over his face by the drooping plumes of his *barrette*, from which the rain was flowing; extreme melancholy was impressed on all his features; and he threw gloomy looks around him, as he bowed his head in salutation of the assembly.

Every one crowded around him; every mouth was unclosed to question him; every eye was fixed on his face, as if eager to anticipate his answers.

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Memmo, 'I am afraid that—'

'Be silent, Signor!' interrupted Contarino sternly; 'there is nothing to be afraid of.'

'Illustrious Venetians!' it was thus that Flodoardo at length broke silence, and he spoke with the commanding tone of a hero; 'I conclude that his Highness has already made known to you the object of your being thus assembled. I come to put an end to your anxiety: but first, noble Andreas, I must once more receive the assurance that Rosabella of Corfu shall become my bride, provided I deliver into your power the Bravo Abellino.'

*Andreas*.—(examining his countenance with extreme anxiety)—Flodoardo, have you succeeded? Is Abellino your prisoner?

*Flodoardo*.—If Abellino is my prisoner, shall Rosabella be my bride?

*Andreas*.—Bring me Abellino, alive or dead, and she is yours—I swear it beyond the power of retracting, and swear also that her dowry shall be royal!

*Flodoardo*.—Illustrious Venetians, ye have heard the Doge's oath?

*All*.—We are your witnesses.

*Flodoardo*.—(advanced a few paces with a bold air, and speaking in a firm voice) Well then! Abellino is in my power, is in yours.

*All*.—(in confusion and a kind of uproar.) In ours?—Merciful Heaven! Where is he? Abellino?

*Andreas*.—Is he dead or living?

*Flodoardo*.—He still lives.

*Gonzaga*.—(hastily) He lives?

*Flodoardo*.—(bowing to the Cardinal respectfully) He still lives, Signor.

*Rosabella*.—(pressing Camilla to her bosom) Didst thou hear that, Camilla? didst thou hear it?—The villain still lives! not one drop of blood has stained the innocent hand of Flodoardo.

*The Senator Vitalba*.—Signor Contarino, I have won a thousand sequins of you.

*Contarino*.—So it should seem, Signor!

*Andreas*.—My son you have bound the republic to you forever, and I rejoice that it is to Flodoardo that she is indebted for a service so essential.

*Vitalba*.—And permit me noble Florentine, to thank you for this heroic act in the name of the Senate of Venice—Our first care shall be to seek out a reward proportioned to your merits.

*Flodoardo*.—(extending his arm towards Rosabella, with a melancholy air)—There stands the only reward for which I wish.

*Andreas*.—(joyfully)—And that reward is your own—But where have you left the bloodhound? Conduct him hither, my son, and let me look on him once more—When last I saw him, he had the insolence to tell me—'Doge, I am your equal: this narrow chamber now holds the two greatest men in Venice.' Now then let me see how this other great man looks in captivity.

*Two or three Senators*.—Where is he?—Bring him hither!

Several of the ladies screamed at hearing this proposal—'For heaven's sake!' cried they, 'keep the monster away from us! I shall be frightened out of my senses if he comes here!'

'Noble ladies!' said Flodoardo with a smile expressing rather sorrow than joy, 'you have nothing to apprehend. Abellino shall do you no harm; but he needs *must* come hither, to claim 'the Bravo's Bride.' And he pointed at Rosabella.

'O! my best friend!' she answered, 'how shall I express my thanks to you for having thus put an end to my terrors! I shall now tremble no more at hearing Abellino named; Rosabella shall now be called 'the Bravo's Bride' no longer!

*Falieri*.—Is Abellino already in this palace? *Flodoardo*.—He is.

*Vitalba*.—Then why do you not produce him?—Why do you trifle so long with our impatience?

*Flodoardo*.—Be patient! It's now time that the play should begin. Be seated, noble Andreas! Let all the rest arrange themselves behind the Doge!—*Abellino's coming*.

At that word, both old and young, both male and female, with the rapidity of lightning, flew to take shelter behind Andreas. Every heart beat anxiously; but as to the conspirators, while expecting Abellino's appearance, they suffered the torments of the damned.

Grave and tranquil sat the Doge in his chair, like a judge appointed to pass sentence on this King of the Banditti. The spectators stood around in various groupes, all hushed and solemn as if they were waiting to receive their final judgment. The lovely Rosabella, with all the security of angels, whose innocence have nothing to fear, reclined her head on Camilla's shoulder, and gazed on her heroic lover with looks of adoration. The conspirators, with pallid cheeks and staring eyes, filled up the back-ground; and a dead and awful silence prevailed through the assembly, scarcely interrupted by a single breath!

'And now then,' said Flodoardo, 'prepare yourselves for this terrible Abellino shall appear before you! Do not tremble; he shall do no one harm.'

With these words he turned away from the company, and advanced towards the folding-doors: he paused for a few moments, and concealed his face in his cloak.

'Abellino!' cried he at length, raising his head, and extending his arm towards the door. At that name all who heard it shuddered involuntarily, and Rosabella advanced unconsciously a few steps towards her lover. She trembled at the Bravo's approach, yet trembled more for Flodoardo than herself.

'Abellino?' the Florentine repeated in a loud and angry tone, threw from him his mantle and barrette, and had already laid his hand on the lock of the door to open it, when Rosabella uttered a cry of terror!

'Stay, Flodoardo!' she cried rushing towards him, and—Ha! Flodoardo was gone, and there in his place, stood Abellino, and shouted out—'Ho! ho!'

## CHAPTER XXI.

## Apparitions.

INSTANTLY a loud cry of terror resounded through the apartment. Rosabella sank fainting at the Bravo's feet; the conspirators were almost suffocated with rage, terror and astonishment; the ladies made signs of the cross, and began in all haste to repeat their paternosters; the senators stood rooted to their places like so many statues and the Doge doubted the information of his ears and eyes.

Calm and terrible stood the Bravo before them, in all the pomp of his strange and awful ugliness; with his Bravo's habit, his girdle filled with pistols and poignards, his distorted yellow countenance, his black and bushy eye brows, his lips convulsed, his right eye covered by a large patch, and his left half buried among the wrinkles of flesh which swelled around it. He gazed round him for a few moments in silence, and then approached the stupified Andreas.

'Ho! ho!' he roared in a voice like thunder, 'you wished to see the Bravo Abellino?—Doge of Venice, here he stands, and is come to claim his bride!'

Andreas gazed with looks of horror on this model for demons, and at length stammered out with difficulty—'It cannot be real! I must surely be the sport of some terrible dream!'

'Without there! Guards!' exclaimed the Cardinal Gonzaga, and would have hastened to the folding-doors; when Abellino put his back against them, snatched a pistol from his girdle and pointed it at the Cardinal's bosom.

'The first,' cried he, 'who calls for the guard, or advances one step from the place on which he stands, expires that moment—Fools! Do you think I would have delivered myself up, and desired that guards might beset these doors, had I feared their swords, or intended to escape from your power?—No! I am content to be your prisoner, but not through compulsion! I am content to be your prisoner, and it was with that intent that I came hither. No mortal should have the glory of seizing Abellino; if justice required him to be delivered up, it was necessary that he should be delivered up by himself!—Or do you take Abellino for an ordinary ruffian, who passes his time in skulking from the *shirri*, and who murders for the sake of despicable plunder? No, by heaven, no! Abellino was no such common villain!—It's true I was a bravo; but the motives which induced me to become one were great and striking!'

*Andreas*.—(clasping his hands together)—Almighty God! can all this be possible!

An awful silence again reigned through the

saloon. All trembled while they listened to the voice of the terrible assassin, who strode through the chamber proud and majestic as the monarch of the infernal world.

Rosabella opened her eyes; their first look fell upon the Bravo.

'Oh! God of mercy!' she exclaimed, 'he is still there!—Methought too that Flodoardo—No, no; it could not be! I was deceived by witchcraft!'

Abellino advanced towards her, and attempted to raise her. She shrunk from his touch with horror.

'No, Rosabella,' said the Bravo in an altered voice, 'what you saw was no illusion. Your favored Flodoardo is no other than Abellino, the Bravo.'

'It is false!' interrupted Rosabella, starting from the ground in despair, and throwing herself for refuge on Camilla's bosom.—'Monster, thou canst not be Flodoardo! such a fiend can never have been such a seraph!—Flodoardo's actions were good and glorious as a demi-god's! 'twas of him that I learnt to love good and glorious actions, and 'twas he who encouraged me to attempt them myself! His heart was pure from all mean passions, and capable of conceiving all great designs! Never did he scruple in the cause of virtue to endure fatigue and pain: and to dry up the tears of suffering innocence—that was Flodoardo's proudest triumph!—Flodoardo and thou.—Wretch, whom many a bleeding ghost has long since accused before the throne of Heaven, dare thou not to profane the name of Flodoardo.'

Abellino.—(proud and earnest)—Rosabella wilt thou forsake me? Wilt thou retract thy promise? Look, Rosabella, and be convinced: I, the Bravo and thy Flodoardo are the same!

He said, removed the patch from his eye, and passed an handkerchief over his face once or twice; in an instant his complexion was altered, his bushy eye-brows and straight black hair disappeared, his features were replaced in their natural symmetry, and lo! the handsome Florentine stood before the whole assembly, dressed in the habit of the Bravo Abellino.

Abellino.—Mark me, Rosabella! Seven times over, and seven times again, will I change my appearance, even before your eyes, and that so artfully, that study me as you will, the transformation shall still deceive you—But change as I may, of one thing be assured; I am the man whom you loved as Flodoardo.'

The Doge gazed and listened without being able to recover from his confusion; but every now and then the words—'Dreadful! dreadful!' escaped from his lips, and he wrung his hands in agony. Abellino approached Rosabella, and said in the tone of supplication—'Rosabella wilt thou break thy promise?—Am I no longer dear to thee?'

Rosabella was unable to answer; she stood like one chained to a statue, and fixed her motionless eyes on the Bravo.

Abellino took her cold hand, and pressed it to his lips.

'Rosabella,' said he, 'art thou still mine?'

Rosabella.—Flodoardo—Oh! that I had never loved—had never seen thee!

Abellino.—Rosabella wilt thou still be the bride of Flodoardo?—wilt thou be 'the Bravo's bride?'

Love struggled with abhorrence in Rosabella's bosom, and painful was the contest.

Abellino.—Hear me, beloved one! It was for thee that I have discovered myself—that I have delivered myself into the hands of justice! For thee!—Oh! what would I not do for thee!—Rosabella, I wait but to hear one syllable from your lips! speak but a decisive 'yes!' or 'no!' and all is ended!—Rosabella, dost thou love me still?

And still she answered not; but she threw upon him a look innocent and tender as ever beamed from the eye of an angel, and that look betrayed but too plainly that the miscreant was still master of her heart. She turned from him hastily, threw herself into Camilla's arms, and exclaimed—'God forgive you, man, for torturing me so cruelly!'

The Doge had by this time recovered from his stupor: he started from his chair; threats flashed from his eyes, and his lips trembled with passion—He rushed towards Abellino; but the senators threw themselves in his passage and held him back by force. In the mean while the Bravo advanced towards him with the most insolent composure, and requested him to calm his agitation.

'Doge of Venice,' said he, 'will you keep your promise? That you gave it to me, these noble lords and ladies can testify!'

Andreas.—Monster! miscreant!—oh! how artfully has this plan been laid to ensnare me!—Tell me, Venetians; to such a creditor am I obliged to discharge my fearful debt?—Long has he been playing a deceitful, bloody part; the bravest of our citizens have fallen beneath his dagger, and it was the price of their blood which has enabled him to act the nobleman in Venice. Then comes he to me in the disguise of a man of honor, seduces the heart of my unfortunate Rosabella, obtains my promise by an artful trick, and now claims the maiden for his bride, in the hope that the husband of the Doge's niece will easily obtain an absolution for his crimes. Tell me, Venetians, ought I to keep my word with this miscreant?

All the Senators.—No! no! by no means!

Abellino.—(with solemnity)—If you have once pledged your word, you ought to keep it, though given to the Prince of Darkness. Oh! fye, fye! Abellino, how shamefully hast thou been deceived in thy reckoning!—I thought I had to do with men of honor! Oh! how grossly have I been mistaken—(in a terrible voice)—Once again, and for the last time, I ask you, Doge of Venice, wilt thou break thy princely word?

Andreas.—(in a tone of authority)—Give up your arms.

Abellino.—And you will really withhold from me my just reward?—Shall it be in vain that I delivered Abellino into your power?

Andreas.—It was to the brave Flodoardo that I promised Rosabella; I never entered into an engagement with the murderer Abellino—Let Flodoardo claim my niece and she is his; but Abellino can have no claim to her. Again I say lay down your arms.

Abellino.—(laughing wildly)—The murderer Abellino, say you? Ho! ho! Be it your care to keep your promises, and trouble not yourself about my murders—they are my affair, and I warrant I shall find a word or two to say in defence of them when the judgment day arrives.

Gonzaga.—(to the Doge)—What dreadful blasphemy!

Abellino.—Oh! good Lord Cardinal, intercede in my behalf—You know me well; I have always acted by you like a man of honor,

that at least you cannot deny!—Say one word in my favor then, good Lord Cardinal!

Gonzaga.—(angrily and with imperious dignity)—Address not thyself to me, miscreant! What canst thou and I have to do together?—Venerable Andreas, delay no longer; let the guards be called in!

Abellino.—What? Is there then no hope for me? Does no one feel compassion for the wretched Abellino?—What? *no one!*—(a pause)—All are silent? *all!*—'Tis enough! Then my fate is decided—Call in your guards!

Rosabella.—(with a scream of agony, springing forward, and falling at the Doge's feet)—Mercy! mercy!—Pardon him—pardon Abellino.

Abellino.—(in rapture)—Say'st thou so!—Ho! ho! then an angel prays for Abellino in his last moments!

Rosabella.—(clasping the Doge's knees)—Have mercy on him, my friend! my father!—He is a sinner—but leave him to the justice of Heaven!—He is a sinner—but oh! Rosabella loves him still.

Andreas.—(pushing her away with indignation)—Away, unworthy girl; you rave!

Abellino folded his arms, gazed with eagerness on what was passing, and tears gushed into his brilliant eyes. Rosabella caught the Doge's hand, as he turned to leave her, kissed it twice, and said—'If you have no mercy on him, then have none on me! The sentence which you pass on Abellino will be mine; 'tis for my own life that I plead as well as Abellino's—Father! dear father! reject not my suit, but spare him!'

Andreas.—(in an angry and decided tone)—Abellino dies!

Abellino.—And can you look on with dry eyes while that innocent dove bleeds at your feet? Go, barbarian; you never loved Rosabella as she deserved: now is she yours no longer! She is mine, she is Abellino's!

He raised her from the ground, and pressed her pale lips against his own.

Rosabella, thou art mine; death alone parts us! thou lov'st me as I *would* be loved; I am blest whate'er may happen, and can now set fortune at defiance—To business then!

He replaced Rosabella, who was almost fainting on the bosom of Camilla, then advanced into the middle of the chamber, and addressed the assembly with an undaunted air:

'Venetians, you are determined to deliver me up to the axe of justice! there is for me no hopes of mercy! 'Tis well! act as you please; but ere you sit in judgment over me, Signors, I shall take the liberty of passing sentence upon some few of *you*! Now mark me! you see in me the murderer of Conari! the murderer of Paolo Manfrone! the murderer of Lomellino! I deny it not! But would you know the illustrious persons who paid me for the use of my dagger—'

With these words he put a whistle to his lips, sounded it and instantly the doors flew open, the guards rushed in, and ere they had time to recollect themselves, the chief conspirators were in custody, and disarmed.

'Guard them well!' said Abellino in a terrible voice to the sentinels; you have your orders! noble Venetians, look on these villains; it is to them that you are indebted for the loss of your three noblest citizens! I accuse of those murders, one, two, three, four—and my good Lord Cardinal there has the honor to be the fifth.—'



Motionless and bewildered stood the accused; tale-telling confession spoke in every feature that the charge was true, and no one was bold enough to contradict Abellino.

'What can all this mean?' asked the senators of each other, in the utmost surprise and confusion.

'This is all a shameful artifice,' the Cardinal at length contrived to say; 'the villain perceiving that he has no chance of escaping punishment, is willing out of mere resentment, to involve us in his destruction.'

Contarino.—(recovering himself)—in the wickedness of his life he has surpassed all former miscreants, and now he is trying to surpass them in the wickedness of his death.

Abellino.—(with majesty)—Be silent!—I know your whole plot, have seen your list of proscriptions, am well informed of your whole arrangement, and at the moment that I speak to you, the officers of justice are employed, by my orders, in seizing the gentlemen with the white ribands round their arms, who this very night intended to overturn Venice—Be silent, for defence were vain.

Andreas.—(in astonishment)—Abellino, what is the meaning of all this?

Abellino.—Neither more nor less than that Abellino has discovered and defeated a conspiracy against the constitution of Venice, and the life of its Doge! The Bravo, in return for your kind intention of sending him to destruction in a few hours, has preserved you from it.

Vitalba.—(to the accused)—Noble Venetians, you are silent under this heavy charge?

Abellino.—They are wise, for no defence could now avail them. Their troops are already disarmed and lodged in separate dungeons of the state prison: visit them there, and you will learn more. You now understand, probably, that I did not order the doors of the saloon to be guarded for the purpose of seizing the terrible Bravo Abellino, but of taking those heroes into secure custody.

And now, Venetians, compare together your conduct and mine! At the hazard of my life have I preserved the state from ruin; disguised as a bravo I dared to enter the assembly of these ruthless villains whose daggers laid Venice waste; I have endured for your sakes storm, and rain, and frost, and heat; Venice owes to my care her constitution and your lives; and yet are my services deserving of no reward?—All this have I done for Rosabella of Corfu, and yet will you withhold from me my promised bride? I have saved you from death, have saved the honor of your wives from the polluter's kiss, and the throats of your innocent children from the knife of the assassin—Men! men! and yet will you send me to the scaffold?

Look on this list! See how many among you would have bled!—Read you not in every feature that they are already condemned by Heaven and their own conscience? Does a single mouth uncloseth itself in exculpation? Does a single movement of the head give the lie to my charge? Yet the truth of what I have advanced shall be made still more evident.

He turned himself to the conspirators:

'Mark me!' said he, 'the first among you who acknowledges the truth, shall receive a free pardon. I swear it, I, the Bravo Abellino!'

The conspirators remained silent—Suddenly Memmo started forward, and threw himself trembling at the Doge's feet.

'Venetians!' he exclaimed, 'Abellino has told you true!'

'Tis false! 'tis false!' exclaimed the accused altogether.

'Silence!' cried Abellino in a voice of thunder, while the indignation which flamed in every feature struck terror into his hearers; 'silence, I say, and hear me—or rather hear the ghosts of your victims!—Appear! appear!' cried this dreadful man in a tone still louder, 'tis time!'

Again he sounded his whistle; the folding doors were thrown open and there stood the Doge's so much lamented friends Conari, Lomellino, and Manfrone!

We are betrayed!' shouted Contarino, drew out a concealed dagger, and plunged it in his bosom up to the very hilt.

And now what a scene of rapture followed. Tears streamed down the silver beard of Andreas as he rushed into the arms of his long-lost companions: tears bedewed the cheeks of the venerable triumvirate, as they once more clasped the knees of their prince, their friend, their brother! These excellent men, these heroes, never had Andreas hoped to meet them again till they should meet in Heaven; and Andreas blest Heaven for permitting him to meet them once more on earth. Those four men, who had valued each other in the first dawn of youth, who had fought by each other's side in manhood, were now assembled in age, and valued each other more than ever!—The spectators gazed with universal interest on the scene before them, and the good old senators mingled tears of joy with those shed by the re-united companions. In the happy delirium of this moment nothing but Andreas and his friends was attended to: no one was aware that the conspirators and the self-murdered Contarino were removed by the guards from the saloon; no one but Camilla observed Rosabella, who threw herself sobbing on the bosom of the handsome Bravo, and repeated a thousand times—'Abellino is then not a murderer!'

At length they began to recollect themselves—they looked round them—and the first words which broke from every lip were—'Hail savior of Venice!'—The roof rang with the name of Abellino, and unnumbered blessings accompanied the name.

That very Abellino, who not an hour before had been doomed to the scaffold by the whole assembly, now stood calm and dignified as a god before the adoring spectators; and now he viewed with complacency the men whose lives he had saved, and now his eye dwelt with rapture on the woman whose love was the reward of all his dangers.

Abellino! said Andreas, advancing to the Bravo, and extending his hand towards him.

'I am not Abellino,' replied he smiling, while he pressed the Doge's hand respectfully to his lips, neither am I Flodoardo of Florence. I am by birth a Neapolitan, and by name Rosalvo; the death of my inveterate enemy the Prince of Monaldeschi makes it no longer necessary to conceal who I really am.'

'Monaldeschi?' repeated Andreas with a look of anxiety.

'Fear not!' continued Rosalvo; 'Monaldeschi, it's true, fell by my hand, but fell in honorable combat. The blood which stained his sword flowed from my veins, and in his

last moments conscience asserted her empire in his bosom. He died not till he had written in his tablets the most positive declaration of my innocence as to the crimes with which his hatred had contrived to blacken me; and he also instructed me by what means I might obtain at Naples the restoration of my forfeited estates and the re-establishment of my injured honor. Those means have been already efficacious, and all Naples is by this time informed of the arts by which Monaldeschi procured my banishment, and of the many plots which he laid for my destruction; plots, which made it necessary for me to drop my own character, and never to appear but in disguise. After various wanderings, chance led me to Venice; my appearance was so much altered, that I dreaded not discovery, but I dreaded (and with reason) perishing in your streets with hunger. In this situation, accident brought me acquainted with the banditti, by whom Venice was then infested, I willingly united myself to their society, partly with the view of purifying the republic from the presence of these wretches, and partly in the hope of discovering through them the more illustrious villains by whom their daggers were employed. I was successful; I delivered the banditti up to justice, and stabbed their captain in Rosabella's sight. I was now the only Bravo in Venice; every scoundrel was obliged to have recourse to me: I discovered the plans of the conspirators, and now you know them also. I found that the deaths of the Doge's three friends had been determined on; and in order to obtain full confidence with the confederates, it was necessary to persuade them that these men had fallen beneath my dagger. No sooner had my plan been formed than I imparted it to Lomellino; he, and he only, was my confidant in this business. He presented me to the Doge as the son of a deceased friend; he assisted me with his advice; he furnished me with keys to those doors to the public gardens which no one were permitted to pass through except Andreas and his particular friends, and which frequently enabled me to elude pursuit; he showed me several private passages in the palace, by which I could penetrate unobserved even in the Doge's very bed chamber; when the time for his disappearance arrived, he not only readily consented to lie concealed in a retreat known only to ourselves, but was also the means of inducing Manfrone and Conari to join him in his retirement, till the fortunate issue of this day's adventure permitted me to set them once more at liberty. The banditti exist no longer; the conspirators are in chains; my plans are accomplished; and now, Venetians, if you still think him deserving of it, here stands the Bravo Abellino, and you may lead him to the scaffold when you will!'

'To the scaffold?' exclaimed at once the Doge, the senators, and the whole crowd of nobility; and every one burst into enthusiastic praises of the dauntless Neapolitan.

'Oh! Abellino,' exclaimed Andreas while he wiped away a tear; 'I would gladly give my ducal bonnet to be such a Bravo as thou hast been!'—'Doge,' didst thou once say to me, 'thou and I are the two greatest men in Venice'—But oh! how much greater is the Bravo than the Doge!—Rosabella is that jewel than which I have nothing in the world more precious; Rosabella is dearer to me than an emperor's crown; Rosabella is thine.'

'Abellino!' said Rosabella, and extended her hand to the handsome Bravo.

'Triumph!' cried he, 'Rosabella is the Bravo's bride!'—and he clasped the blushing maid to his bosom.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### Conclusion.

AND now it would be not at all amiss to make Count Rosalvo sit down quietly between the good old Doge and his lovely niece, and then cause him to relate the motive of Monaldeschi's hatred, in what manner he lost Valeria, what crimes were imputed to him, and how he escaped from the assassins sent in pursuit of him by his enemy; how he had long wandered from place to place, and how he had at length learnt (during his abode in Bohemia with a gang of gypsies) such means of disguising his features as enabled him to defy the keenest penetration to discover in the beggar Abellino the once admired Count Rosalvo; how in this disguise he had returned to Italy; and how Lomellino, having ascertained that he was universally believed at Naples to have long since perished by shipwreck, (and therefore that neither the officers of the Inquisition nor the assassins of his enemy were likely to trouble themselves any more about him,) he had ventured to resume with some slight alterations his own appearance at Venice;—how the arrival of Monaldeschi had obliged him to conceal himself, till an opportunity offered of presenting himself to the Prince when unattended, and of demanding satisfaction for his injuries; how he had been himself wounded in several places by his antagonist, though the combat finally terminated in his favor; how he had resolved to make use of Monaldeschi's death to terrify Andreas still further, and of Parozzi's conspiracy to obtain Rosabella's hand of the Doge; how he had trembled lest the heart of his mistress should have been only captivated by the romantic appearance of the adventurer Flodoardo and have rejected him when known to be the Bravo Abellino; how he had resolved to make use of the terror inspired by the assassin to put her love to the severest trial; and how had she failed in that trial, he had determined to renounce the inconstant maid forever; with many other *hows, whys, and wherefores*, which not being explained will, I doubt leave much of this tale involved in mystery: but before I begin Rosalvo's history I must ask two questions—

First, Do my readers like the manner in which I relate adventures?

Secondly, If my readers *do* like my manner of relating adventures, can't I employ my time better than in relating them?

When these questions are answered, I may possibly resume my pen. In the mean while, gentlemen and ladies, good night, and pleasant dreams attend you!

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

##### The West.

BUT a few years ago, our Western country was an uncultivated, wild and howling wilderness. The red man, acknowledging no superior but the Great Spirit and owing allegiance to no one but *Him*, roamed in lordly pride, and in the dignity and majesty

of his nature over this vast territory. He wished for no covering, but the blue arched canopy of heaven, and for no bed, but the green clad earth. The bounding deer, the howling wolf and the growling bear, were the victims of his daring arrow. The red man has gone. The smoke of his cabin no longer curls up among the branches of the lofty trees. The war-whoop no longer echoes through our forests. Yes! the Indian has gone! He sleeps with his fathers, and the ploughshare passes over his grave. The names of the mighty warriors of his tribe are forgotten—their glorious deeds are in the oblivious bosom of time—their heroic virtues have no place among the records of the world. They had no historians to record the history of their lives—no poets to immortalize them in deathless song.

The red man has gone, and another race now occupies his 'hunting grounds.' Christian and civilized man has felled the forests and turned them into highly cultivated fields, green pastures, and pleasant meadows. By his industry and perseverance, the 'wilderness has been made to blossom like the rose.' In the place of the Indian hut, are to be seen neat frame houses, the pleasant and cheerful abode of the happy husbandman. In the place of 'reverend oaks,' and 'lofty elms,' that reared their tops above the clouds, and bid defiance to the lightnings, winds and storms, are to be seen the spires of temples, erected for the worship of the living God, glittering in the bright sunbeams of heaven.

Throughout our Western land, the sound of the hammer and the hum of industry is every where heard, and the honest tradesman quickly rises to affluence and fortune. Schools and academies are daily increasing. The great and important subject of general education is receiving more attention, and gaining influence in our legislative halls, and awakening a deeper feeling in the minds of every community. Upon nothing does the happiness and prosperity of our Western country more depend, than EDUCATION. If our sons shall be educated—if a healthful spirit of morals shall be instilled in early life into their minds—if they shall be taught the arts and sciences, and be made to feel that it is *intelligence and virtue* alone that can uphold and support the pillars of a republican government, 'then may we hope that the longevity of our government will be indefinitely protracted.' But if the great subject of *popular* education is neglected—if our sons and daughters grow up in ignorance—without feeling the important claims which society has upon them—without possessing characters formed upon moral rectitude, based upon solid virtue—without inheriting the firm patriotism and unyielding integrity of our fathers, then may we bid a last farewell to the

liberty of our young republic;—then will the glory of our institutions be annihilated forever, and our dear bought freedom be consigned to the tomb of oblivion.

The West—how wide in extent! how vast in resources! how abundant in all the productions of our climate! What a field does it open and present for the enterprising and industrious man,

And how amply does our fertile soil,  
Repay the laborer for his toil.

How great is the increase of population, and what an asylum is this fairest portion of America for the victim of oppression and the votary of freedom.

How rapid has been our advancement in improvement. Cities have sprung in the midst of the wilderness, and astonished the traveler on his way to the prairies of the 'far West.' Beautiful towns and villages are spread throughout our country. Thousands are yearly emigrating from our 'father-land, of mountain and of rock,' and yet 'there is room.' What an immense multitude is our fertile country capable of supporting—and who can tell what effect the West will have upon the destiny of this young republic, 'the worlds best treasure and last hope.'

Ohio, 1834.

PATRICK.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### Monaparte and the two Sailors.

LAURISTON relates among other anecdotes to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp of Boulogne, a remarkable instance of intrepidity, on the part of two English sailors. These men had been prisoners at Verdun, from whence they made their escape, and arrived at Boulogne, without having been discovered on the road, notwithstanding the vigilance with which all the English were watched. They remained at Boulogne for some time, without money, and unable to effect their escape. They had no hope of getting aboard a boat, on account of the strict watch kept on vessels of every kind. They however made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, having no other tools than their knives. They covered it with a piece of sail-cloth. It was only three or four feet wide, and not much longer, and so slight that a man could easily carry it on his shoulders. So powerful a passion is the love of home and liberty! Certain of being shot if discovered; almost equally sure of being drowned if they put to sea, they nevertheless, resolved to attempt crossing the channel in their fragile skiff. Perceiving an English frigate within sight of the coast, they pushed off and endeavored to reach her. They had not gone a hundred toises from the shore, when they were seen by the Custom-house officers, who pursued and brought them back. The news of this adventure spread through the camp, where the extraordinary courage of the two sailors was the subject of general remark. The circumstance reached the Emperor's ears. He wished to see the men, and they were conducted to his presence, along with their



little boat. Napoleon whose imagination was struck by every thing extraordinary, could not conceal his surprise at so bold a project, undertaken with such feeble means of execution. 'Is it really true,' said the Emperor to them, 'that you thought of crossing the sea in this?' 'Sire,' said they, 'if you doubt it, give us leave to go, and you shall see us depart.' 'I will, you are bold and enterprising men; I admire courage wherever I meet with it. But you shall not hazard your lives—you are at liberty: and more than that, I will cause you to be put on board an English ship. When you return to London, say how I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies.' Rapp, who with Lauriston, Duroc, and many others, were present at this scene, were not a little astonished at the Emperor's generosity. If the men had not been brought before him, they would have been shot as spies, instead of which they obtained their liberty, and Napoleon gave several pieces of gold to each.

### A Touch of the Marvellous.

A GAY Irishman a short time since arrived at the Hotel de Suede, in the rue de Richelieu, Paris, and having a quantity of dirty linen, sent for a washerwoman, and told her to pick it up from the floor. Shortly afterwards the washerwoman returned, and to the traveler's great surprise put into his hands a number of bank-notes, which had been negligently left among the linen. The Irishman was very grateful, and strongly urged the young woman to accept a reward for her honesty; but she resolutely refused to do so, and seemed quite humiliated at the offer. Some days after, a marriage was celebrated at the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin which attracted a vast number of persons. It was easy to perceive from the dress and manner of the bridegroom that he was a foreigner, and from the timid and embarrassed deportment of the bride, that she did not belong to the same class as her intended, and that it was decidedly a marriage of inclination.—The above anecdote got into circulation among the crowd—in a word, the bride was no other than the young washerwoman, whom the Irishman thought worthy of sharing his fortune and destiny.

Two Irishmen lately traveling in the interior of France, were struck with astonishment to hear the well known air of 'St. Patrick's day,' from the violin of a Frenchman. One turning to his companion remarked: 'By the powers, Munsauer, must have had a confounded deal of patience to teach his little instrument to play a tune from old Ireland.' 'Och,' replied Larry 'not at all boy; mayhap 'tis an Irish fiddle, and he can't persuade the little crather to spae anything else but the native airs of his country.—*Experiment.*

### Editorial Dilemma.

DURING the dead season, the editor of a country paper being much distressed for matter, ransacked every hole and corner for intelligence; and after having, as he thought, completed his task, sat down to dinner with what appetite he might. In the middle of it he was interrupted by the entrance of his familiar, *alias* 'the devil,' demanding 'more copy!' 'Blast the fellow,' 'More copy!' said he. 'Why, have you put in the story

of the tremendous mushroom found in Mr. Jones's field?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And the account of the prodigious crop of apples gathered from Mr. Timm's tree?' 'Yes, sir.' And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being suckled by a hedgehog?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And Mr. Smith's dreadful accident with his one-horse chaise as he passed down Holborn Hill?' 'Yes, sir.' 'About the men who stole the corn out of the stacks in the farm yard?' 'Yes, sir, it is all up, but there is still a line and a half wanting.' 'Then add,' said he, with the utmost dignity, 'that they most au-da-ci-ous-ly took and threshed it out on the premises!'

A PARISIAN, who was loaded with debt, and just on the point of dying, told his confessor that the only favor he craved of God was, that he would be pleased to prolong his life till he could pay his debts. The confessor, thinking him in earnest, said, his motive was so good, that he had great reason to hope God would be pleased to hear his prayer. 'Ah!' says the sick man, 'turning to one of his own companions, 'if God would but grant me this indulgence, I should never die.'

A good fellow of our acquaintance, who is not quite so regular in paying his debts as he ought to be, was on the point of leaving his house the other day, when the insidious knock of a dun was heard upon the lion's head. Popping into a closet that was just at hand, he desired his servant to say he was not at home. As luck would have it, however, the creditor overheard the debtor's movements, and walked right into the closet. 'Ha, ha!' says he, 'what, I've found you out have I?' 'No,' says the other, 'you haven't—you've found me at home!'

AN Irishman comparing his watch with the Town clock, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at, he replied, and how can I help it? Here is my little watch, that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, on Ormond Quay, and which only cost me five guineas, has beat that big clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning.

BAD MEMORY.—A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes sir,' 'Well what, is it?' 'I know him very well by sight, but rot me if I can remember his name.'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1834.

BERKSHIRE MEDICAL INSTITUTION.—This institution is located in one of the pleasantest New England villages, that is, Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Its President, Zadok Howe, Esq. is a highly cultivated and scientific gentleman, and the Professors rank high in the several departments in which they officiate. The Faculty of Medicine are composed of the following named gentlemen, Henry H. Childs, M. D. W. Parker, M. D. Elisha Bartlett, M. D. Chester Dewey, M. D. and John Frissell, A. B. The course of instruction consists of a Lecture and Reading term. The Reading term is divided in two parts. One part commences in December and continues ten weeks, the other part in May and continues fifteen weeks. The Lecture term commences the last part of August and continues fourteen weeks. No spot for personal health and natural beauty could be chosen for an

Institution superior to this. It combines every advantage of this description, and cannot fail to make every thing pleasant to those who go thither to complete their Medical education.

THE NEW-YORK KNICKERBOCKER.—Among the many periodicals which reach our table, none are of superior merit, either in their matter or typographical execution, to the N. Y. Knickerbocker. Since it has passed into the hands of its present proprietors and editors, we think we are perfectly safe in making this declaration. Lewis Gaylord Clarke has been quite a length of time before the public as a writer, both in prose and poetry;—as for his associate we are not prepared to question his talents either way, as his literary qualifications are entirely unknown to us, but judging from the few numbers which have already been issued, we anticipate the future ones will be particularly distinguished for sound judgment, refined taste, and real facetiousness when wit is attempted. The Knickerbocker is published monthly in New-York, by Clark & Edson, at \$3 per annum, and is composed of entirely original matter by the first writers.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

R. H. B. Smith's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. South Adams, Ms. \$1.00; L. V. Derby, Vt. \$1.00; J. P. Milford Center, Ms. \$1.00; M. A. L. Maine, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. B. L. Lanesborough, Ms. \$1.00; A. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bechet, Ms. \$1.00; A. F. Rensselaerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. P. New-York, \$3.00; P. M. F. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. W. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Kingsboro' N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Waterford, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Gayhead, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stamford, Vt. \$1.00; H. P. Oxbow, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Navarino, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. South Le Roy, N. Y. \$2.00; E. W. East Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. S. Mill Port, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Constantia, N. Y. \$1.00; B. & H. Wilmington, O. \$1.00; C. A. D. Saybrook, Ct. \$5.00; H. B. Chagrin, O. \$1.00; S. R. Bethlehem, Ct. \$1.00; H. K. B. Mechanic Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; D. J. R. Port Gibson, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Cossackie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Amherst, Ms. \$2.00; L. R. B. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$2.00; S. M. & C. W. N. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$2.00; J. G. S. Lenox, Ms. \$5.00; W. A. New London, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. Plainfield, Ms. \$2.00.

### SUMMARY.

A new Steam-Boat, on the Burden principle, has been launched at Brockville, in Canada.—She is intended to test the practicability of navigating the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

We regret to learn that Governor Porter, of Michigan Territory, and formerly of Lancaster, Pa. died at Detroit on Sunday, the 6th inst. He was about forty-five years of age.

The work on the Rensselaer and Saratoga rail road is going forward with vigor. The Ballston Spa Republican, states that it is the intention of the directors to have the road finished by the middle of next May, and that the different sections between that place and Waterford have been put under contract for grading, and will be completed by the first of August.

30,000 engraved portraits of General Lafayette, have been ordered from Paris for the United States.

The free-hearted and open handed Nantucketers have recently made up the handsome purse of six hundred dollars for the benefit of the Institution of the Blind at Boston.

In a trip from Hudson to Troy, a few days since, Mr. Burden's boat accomplished eighteen miles in an hour and five minutes.

The amount of tolls on merchandize passed east of Utica on the Erie Canal, week before last, was \$21,331.

New-Orleans is described as unusually healthy for the season. There had been no cases of malignant fever, and a few only of cholera.

The Emily, arrived at New London, from Pernambuco, has brought home three passengers, mutineers of a New Bedford brig.

### MARRIED.

On the 6th ult. Edwin Clarke, of Austerlitz, to Cynthia, daughter of David R. Bunker, of this city.

At Germantown, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wackerhagen, Mr. George Wackerhagen, to Miss Christina, daughter of George Rockefeller, Esq. all of the same place.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 17th ult. Matilda, daughter of Levi Judson, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 25th ult. Charles Brown, aged 9 years.

At Saratoga Springs—whither he had gone for the benefit of his health—on Friday the 18th ult. Charles R. Webster, Esq. of Albany, formerly one of the Editors and proprietors of the Albany Daily Advertiser, in the 73d year of his age.

In New-York, Mr. Robert E. Center, of Mobile.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## A Fragment.

ONE sultry eve, when smooth and calm  
The treacherous wave of Erie lay  
Composed to sleep, like infant child,  
Or Tiger watching for its prey;  
Fair Anneth with an anxious heart,  
Sat watching in her cottage door  
The safe return of him she loved,  
Her Rupert, from the distant shore.

Careless her dark brown ringlets hung,  
Her soft blue eye fixed on the main,  
Most gloomy fears her bosom pressed,  
As dusky evening closed the scene;  
She hastened to the well known spot  
Upon the high and broken strand,  
Where seated on her favorite rock,  
She prayed for Heaven's protecting hand.

Close she surveyed the little cove  
Where Rupert oft was wont to moor  
His feeble bark, that it might rest  
From winds and boisterous waves secure;  
Ere long she sat, in silent dread,  
With majesty and beauty bright,  
The Moon, far from the opening scene  
Expelled the darkness of the night.

With Luna's light upon the wave,  
Her vision soon with joy descried  
Far off upon the watery main  
The well beloved known bark to ride;  
With hope her gentle bosom heaved  
That Rupert soon would reach the shore,  
And she within his arms be blessed,  
Would think of childish fears no more.

But vain her hopes—the murmuring sounds—  
Of Erie's ruthless storm arise—  
Too soon the fury spreads her wings  
And fills with gloom the Western skies;  
What horror filled her tender soul,  
When loud the boisterous winds drew nigh,  
And soon by lightning's flash she saw  
The waves on waves roll mountain high.

With hands upraised to Heaven in prayer,  
Firm on the rocky shore she stood,  
While every gleam of lightning showed  
Her Rupert's danger on the flood;  
My God, she cried, while thundering peals  
Rolled o'er the foaming, raging wave,  
How can I hope that this frail bark  
His dear, his precious life can save.

The brittle bark dashed on the shore,  
Rolled back beneath the sullen wave,  
And she to rescue him she loved  
Soon found a cold and watery grave.  
Next morn moored in the little cove  
In fond embrace their forms were found,

Locked in each others arms they lay  
Sleeping the sleep of Death profound.

And cold beneath the silent sod  
They fill the gloomy, lurid urn,  
Hard by the favorite, lovely spot,  
Where oft she watched her love's return;  
Now as the hardy sailors pass  
(Columbia's pride) o'er the proud wave,  
They tell the tale, and point the spot,  
Where sleep the beautiful and brave.

For the Rural Repository.

## Youth hath Gone.

YOUTH hath gone, and I am wasting,  
Fading from the earth away,  
Three score years have left upon me  
Mournful traces of decay.

Youth hath gone—ah, youthful pleasures,  
Fled like mist before the sun,  
Splendid visions false as pleasing,  
Promised bliss, but gave me none.

Youth hath gone—and youthful friendships,  
Frozen by the lapse of years,  
Leave me now in age and sorrow,  
Steeped in anguish and in tears.

Youth hath gone—and age is on me,  
Age hath chilled my youthful blood—  
This is all of early visions,  
This is all of worldly good.

Youth hath gone—and life is waning,  
Soon the sands of life will cease,  
Age hath come—delights have vanished,  
And the spirit sighs for peace.

So the morning sun with brightness,  
Gilds the morning's early dawn,  
Rendering darkness still more dreary,  
When its splendid rays are gone.

OSMAR.

For the Rural Repository.

## Sailor, this is a Stormy Night!

SAILOR, this is a stormy night,  
The waves are running high,  
The thunder's roaring peal is heard,  
Lightnings flash o'er the sky.

See how the waters dash and foam  
Against the vessel's side;  
The wind is whistling thro' the sails,  
As o'er the Lake we glide.

Stranger, you see yon distant light,  
To guide us on our way—  
What tho' it is a stormy night?  
We'll see another day.

But, should the waves upon us roll,  
And we find a watery grave,  
Oh, trust in Him who rides the storm,  
Whose arm is strong to save.

Ohio, 1834.

PATRICK.

## Lines written in an Album.

As on the cold sepulchral stone,  
Some name arrests the passer-by;  
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here.

## HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF

## HYER'S HYGEIAN VEGETABLE

## Universal Medicine.

The Hygeian Medicine is composed of the purest vegetable substances in nature, without the least particle of mineral or mercurial matter, which is uncongenial, and therefore destructive to the human system, being admitted into his admixture. It purges the blood, gives tone and elasticity to the nerves, equalizes the circulation, and renews healthy action through the entire range of the system.

This Medicine is perfectly harmless in all cases, and a steady course is sure to remove all disease that is not organic. They insinuate their purifying particles through every pore and fibre of the living body, and change the diseased condition of the secreting, absorbing, circulating and nervous system. These Pills have been in use for upwards of two years, and thousands have already testified to their astonishing powers in the cure of disease. Even the best informed physicians use them in their practice.

It is the bounden duty of the heads of families to keep this Medicine in their possession, that on the attack of any disease they may arrest it, and thereby save much human suffering. I have in my possession hundreds of certificates, of cures which have been effected by the use of this Medicine in the short space of eight months, a few of which may be seen at my store, to convince those who are still wavering, that Hyer's Pills, the genuine Hygeian Vegetable Medicine, always carry with their effects a certainty of cure, and that there can be no failure, except by abuse of the means proposed by the author.

These Pills are put up in packages of one and two dollars each. Each package contains a pamphlet of eight pages, giving a beautiful picture of the system, the origin of all disease, with full directions for using it in all cases, and signed on the outside label with red ink—W. G. Hyer. None others are genuine.

They have been found effectual in Quinsy, Heartburn, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Colic, Painters' Colic, Surfeit, Constipated Colic, Costiveness, Looseness, Spasmodic Cholera, Bilious Colic, Intestinal Concretions, Stone, Gravel, Worms, Strictures, Tenesmus, Piles, Jaundice, Visceral Turgescence, Polypus, Cough, Asthma, Disturbed Sleep, Pain in the Side; Yellow, Typhus, Remittant and Intermittent Fevers; Fever and Ague; Inflammations, Biles, Apostomies, Tumors, Erysipelas, Visceral Inflammations, Mumps, Croup, Peripneumony, Pleurisy, Ophthalmia, Catarrh, Influenza, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Gout, White Swelling, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Rash, Small Pox, Plethora, Hemorrhage, Emaciation, Decline, Consumption, Scrophulous King's Evil, Cancer, Syphilis, Elephantiasis, Scurvy, Aneurism, Gangrene, Ulcer, Insanity, Morbid Sight, Morbid Hearing, Morbid Smell, Morbid Taste, Nerve Ache, Tic Douloureux, Cramp, Palpitation, Saint Vitus's Dance, Palsy, Headache, Vertigo, Syncope, Convulsions, Gonorrhea, Flux, Corpulency, Dropsy, Leprosy, Itch and all cutaneous eruptions; as well as every other disease to which the human frame is liable.

## CAUTION!

A Medicine has lately been introduced, signed H. Shephard Moat, from a pretended British College of Health, purporting to partake of the virtues of the genuine article, as manufactured by Hyer. It would be well for every one to be on their guard against impositions of this kind, as there is no such institution as the British College of Health in existence. It is therefore necessary that people look before they buy, and not be gulled by foreign adventurers, nor certificates from dead people, which are published in their books, which is well known by many to be the case. Hyer's Pills contain more virtue than the pretended British, and are put up in packages of one hundred and eighty for a dollar; whereas the other Pills are put up about sixty to seventy five for a dollar. By this, people can see which it is their interest to buy.

Hyer's Pills, the American Vegetable Universal Hygeian, can be obtained of J. FORDYCE WHITNEY, General Agent, and Northern Hygeian Delegate, Nos. 148 and 150 Water-street, Albany. Also for sale by his Agent,

ASHBEL STODDARD.

Hudson, March, 1834.

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